



KING JAMESS LETTER

TO THE

FRENCH KING.

A N

EXCELLENT NEW SONG

Tune of, *Let Mary live long.*

Kind *Lewis*, my Friend,
Since Things goes no better,
Here is a kind Letter,
Which to you I send,

to lay down your Arms:

For my conquering Son,

Will quite over-run

your Kingdoms, I fear,

He'll bring a vast Army,

He'll bring a vast Army,

to conquer you here.

Since Fortune doth frown,

And sends none but Crosses,

How great are your Losses;

My Kingdoms and Crown

you'll never regain,

Too late here I know:

For a powerful Foe

will shortly arrive:

Stout Boys of broad *Brittain*,

Stout Boys of broad *Brittain*,

fears no Man alive.

Still ever for Peace,

Left sad Desolation

Should fall in your Nation,

Your Foes they increase

at Home and Abroad:

For Diffusion of Blood,

Makes my Eyes like a Flood,

through Rivers of Tears,

The Crys of the People,

The Crys of the People,

fore pierceth mine Ears.

Our Coll'nels are kill'd,

And valiant Commanders;

By fighting in *Flanders*,

All Nations are fill'd

with the Rumours of Wars;

Which troubles me fore,

Let us freely give o're,

since Fighting's in vain:

I long to see *Europe*,

I long to see *Europe*

to flourish again.

I cannot but own,

And still I will ever,

You've done your endeavour

To ransom my Throne,

by powerful Arms;

You've done what you can

For an unfortunat Man,

I ever have been:

Those that fight against me,

Those that fight against me,

doth Victory win.

Since the Fates are decreed,

That my Son and Daughter,

Will ever hereafter

Still flourish indeed,

which will satisfy me:

One Branch They will give,

By the which I may live,

I'll freely comply,

That I am not for Fighting,

That I am not for Fighting,

no, no, no, not I.

Now here lies the Case,

The most I desire,

Is hence to retire

To some Holy Place,

to spend my last Days:

So *Lewis*, my Friend,

Let the Wars have an end,

and lay your Arms down:

I'm wearied of seeking,

I'm wearied of seeking,

the Scepter and Crown.

F I N I S.